

ANDROID™
NETRUNNER™
THE CARD GAME
COUNCIL OF THE CREST

Atop the rippling crystal of Lake Victoria sits the skeleton of a second beanstalk. Trade and tourism thrive within the fertile crescent as the Sub-Saharan League, a unity of nations in the midst of an economic and cultural renaissance, works tirelessly to construct the new link between the world of dirt and the limitless expanse. Though determination and focus breed peace within the region, those on the edge wish to disrupt the architecture for personal profit and political vendetta.

NEW KISUMU

The great and the good were all there, mingling, drinking, chatting—and more. About a hundred of the most powerful people from across the SSL were inside the plush exec dome, estimated Kenyangi as she circled the room, waiting for her PAD to ping.

There—by the huge, arced window framed with the filigree of red bougainvillea—a small group of five men, two women, and a bioroid peering downward as they sipped bright cocktails.

“Bingo,” said the remote feed in Kenyangi’s ear, picking up from her optic implant. It was Mack, an SSO-Weyland operative, from another building three clicks north.

Not many places you got to see *two* SSL presidents *and* a PM, all in the same room. Soufrika, Nigeria, and Uganda—all the key leaders driving the African Space Elevator Initiative were there. They had all excluded SSO from the private partnership tender, *not* something the SSO leadership were pleased with.

Kenyangi joined the group casually and stared down at the bobbing, giant platform on the shore of Lake Victoria sixteen stories below them.

Even from this height, it still looked huge.

Damn, you’ve got to admire it, the seed of the second Earth Station. Her father, bless his ancestral soul, had always been in favor of Africa reaching for the skies.

What she planned to do would disappoint him. Still, a girl had to make a living.

Kenyangi glanced up. The bioroid stood on the edge of the powerful group, watching her closely, weaponed arms cocked.

This was *not* going to be easy.

Where the hell was he?

As if on cue, her PAD chimed, directing her gaze to a middle-aged man dressed in a colorful dashiki, stalking toward her through the milling throng. The man bowed, offering her one of two garish rainbow cocktails in his hands: “My name is Jonathan Mboob, aide to Her Excellency Olatunji of the Nigeria Federation.”

“Dr. Constance Makumbi,” she replied, “a PhD from Zambia in African political physics. Thank you for helping me.”

“Two minutes,” he said. “That’s all, to aid your postdoc research, Dr. Makumbi.”

She nodded gratefully. Two minutes was all it would take.

Jonathan Mboob was a helpful, friendly man, by all accounts. Also, the weakest link in the chain, according to SSO intel. It never pays to be *too* nice, not nowadays.

Kenyangi took a sip, having sniffed it was safe with her nasal implants: marula and baobab liqueur with a sprinkling of neural enhancers to perk up the party. She followed Mr. Mboob back to the circle of power, still deep in earnest conversation.

Kenyangi caught the tail end of the conversation as Jon pulled her into the group.

“This structure will be a sign to the world of the rising might of Africa. We are not to be trifled with.”

Madam Olatunji was the one who had spoken, and she turned toward Kenyangi as Jonathan Mboob introduced them. Kenyangi remembered at the last minute to shift her drink to her left hand. The Nigeria Federation PM was majestic in her robes, taking Kenyangi’s right hand with gentle courtesy. “Good to meet you, Dr. Makumbi.”

Jonathan introduced her next to President Malema from Soufrika and then the Ugandan PM, Nalule, whose old yet gentle face and warm voice so reminded Kenyangi of her father.

Father, who had always worked hard and only wished for her to become a nuclear engineer.

She bowed in response, handing her drink to Jon.

“Just one question,” stated Olatunji.

“Where will your extra funding for the space elevator come from, Your Excellency?”

Olatunji glanced at the Ugandan PM, but not at the the Soufrian President. Still no love lost between those two countries, given their previous war. The SSO was looking to fracture fragile alliances, too, in its search to disrupt the current public-private partnership for the second Beanstalk.

“It’s no secret we are looking to our old relationship with New Beijing,” said Madam Olatunji. “It was good to meet you, Dr. Makumbi.”

Now, hands free, and while everyone readied themselves for a farewell ritual, Kenyangi could seal her nasal implants and activate the long-acting but deadly airborne toxin with a click of her false left thumbnail. Just one click—and a day later they would all start to die.

Kenyangi bowed and primed her thumb for release. She caught a glimpse of PM Nalule's face. He was smiling at her.

"No, my little egret." The voice came from the air above her.

"Father?" she asked, freezing the movement in her hand.

She caught the puzzled looks all around her. No one else had heard anything, it seemed. It was then that she sensed she was being watched by someone—or something—else.

Kenyangi turned slowly to look beyond the edge of the group, expecting to see the bioroid from earlier.

The humanoid drone facing her instead was short, suave, smooth-faced—and deadly.

"Tokoloshe!" rang in her ear.

It had been closely watching all this time.

"We are not to be trifled with," said the tokoloshe. Kenyangi did not bother to scan the room for the remote operator.

Intel alone would have to be enough for the SSO this time.

Kenyangi walked away, knowing she was being filmed closely for any signs of suspicious activity.

She was going to need a new face. *Again...*

"Father?" She called again, into the noisy chatter of the air.

At the far side of the window, she leaned against the glass and began to breathe more freely.

Could it have been the neural enhancers? Whatever it was, it had saved her.

"Thank you, Father," Kenyangi whispered, looking down at the massive floating platform that he would have been thrilled to see, had he lived long enough.

"Try again next time," said Mack in her ear.

Kenyangi, Africa's deadliest assassin, was no longer so sure there *would* be a next time.

"Let us Africans fly space," she said.

It had been her father's favorite phrase.

CREDITS

Fantasy Flight Games

Expansion Design and Development: Michael Boggs and Damon Stone with Matt Newman and Jeremy Zwirn

Producer: Erik Dahlman

Editing and Proofreading: Jacob Morris

LCG Manager: Mercedes Opheim

Android Story Review: Daniel Lovat Clark, Lukas Litzsinger, and Katrina Ostrander

Expansion Graphic Design: Joseph D. Olson

Graphic Design Manager: Brian Schomburg

Cover Art: Liiga Smilshkalne

Art Direction: Andy Christensen

Managing Art Director: Melissa Shetler

Fiction: Nick Wood

Fiction Editor: Katrina Ostrander

Quality Assurance Coordinator: Zach Tewalthomas

Senior Project Manager: John Franz-Wichlacz

Senior Manager of Product Development: Chris Gerber

Executive Game Designer: Corey Konieczka

Creative Director: Andrew Navaro

Playtesters: David Withington, Michael Walsh, Luke Myall, Ben Wilson, Donald Bubbins, Jamie Perconti, Benjamin Torell, Alec Nelson, David Weeks, Jeff Lindsay, Michael Norman, Sean Pacer Stringfellow, Travis Yeo, Bob Juranek, John Juranek, Brett Wright, Devin Hutcheson, Greg Agee, Scott Degenkolb, Justin Bos, Halen Bak, Abram Jopp, Chris Mayfield, Jeff Schoenberg, Anthony Nierowicz, Chris MacLeod, Michel Roy, Asher Stuhlman, Alex Simon, Trevor Stack, Alexis Spicer, Kevin Sylves, Luke Dennis, Elliott Hedman, Jordan Peters, Alec Anderson, Ryan Shaffer, Weston Odom, Eric Phetteplace, John Treviranus, Adam Cabrera, Brian Cronin, Matt Dickoff, Noah Mckee, Andrew Cortez, Ben Dwyer, Eric Zeitler, Matt Eriquez, Paul Freitas, and Derek Dugan

Asmodee North America

Licensing Coordinator: Sherry Anisi

Licensing Manager: Simone Elliott

Production Management: Jason Beaudoin and Megan Duehn

Publisher: Christian T. Petersen

